closely in sympathy with the East may attempt to lift the curtain, and within there must ever be a Holy of Holies veiled from their eyes."

Into that mystery I have penetrated further than other Europeans of my generation save those who may be counted on one hand.

And I have found that the Holy of Holies is not screened by the veil of distinction of colour, nor of creed, nor of race, but only by the barriers erected within ourselves, by the stumbling-blocks arising from our human nature. " The Kingdom of Heaven is taken by violence ! " cried a great member of the Himalayan Lodge, and so the East will reveal her secrets only to those who seek her with desperate devotion.

Always since the first sweet dawn in Bombay, when the pinions of the yachts piercing the silver mist floating between sea and sky seemed to point to the portals of a more glorious world, has Holy India fulfilled the promise she whispered in the silence then.

What has the mystery of the East meant for me ? Looking back over the

years since
first I woke in the wdrld's
loveliest har-
bour, passed as a dream, a delirium
of events,

sometimes